

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIII.]

Saturday, September 14,.....1811.

[NO. 21.

THE
TENDER AVOWAL,

A Tale.

DON Gabriel Alvarez was a Castilian gentleman of high birth and unblemished honour. In the bloom of youth, elegant in his manners and deportment, sensible, brave, and generous, he possessed the most perfect esteem of all his own sex to whom he was in the least known, and the tenderest regard of all the other sex who had enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with him. Among these latter one of superior charms and merit had triumphed over all her rivals, and firmly attached to herself his heart. Donna Serafina Estella, the daughter of a Spanish nobleman, distinguished for the services he had rendered the state, was a young lady of matchless beauty, of great spirit and vivacity. Her charms, at first sight, fired Don Gabriel with all the enthusiasm of love, which became stronger and more violent the more frequently he saw and conversed with her. She, likewise, in her turn, felt a warm and most sincere affection for him, but this she carefully concealed in her breast. The only

frailty in her character was, that exulting in her power, and rejoicing in the potency of her charms, she delighted to alarm and perplex her lover, and exerted all her resolution and art to prevent his discovering the real secret of her sentiments in his favour. If at any time her behaviour had been such as to fill him with hope and confidence, she seized every opportunity to repress the emotions of gratitude in which he was disposed to indulge, by a studied coolness and indifference, which plunged him again into all his former doubts and uncertainty. The state of mind to which he was thus reduced was harassing in the extreme and frequently excited in him a resolution to break his bonds, and never even think of her more; but at the moment he determined to enforce his resolution, a favouring smile, or some gracious act, as it appeared, of peculiar kindness, would confirm him in submission to his pleasing bondage, and revive all his ecstatic hopes. In this perpetual round of doubt and vexation, of hope and despair, he had long continued repeatedly forming resolutions, which he never had the power to fulfil.

The brother of Serafina, Don Miguel, observed the conduct of his sister with indignation, and expostulated with her on her behaviour towards a lover of such distinguished merit, who was so fondly, so romantically, attached to her. 'What a wretched triumph is it,' would he say to her, 'to be able to boast that it has been in your power to convert the strong sense of Don Gabriel into the most egregious folly. I know well, that in the indulgence of the most idle vanity, of this most contemptible coquetry, you frequently give yourself pain in an equal degree to that your strange conduct creates in his breast ; and also subject yourself to the hazard of losing a lover who truly deserves to be, and who, I would persuade myself, is actually most dear to you notwithstanding.'

Still, however, no satisfactory answer could be obtained from Serafina ; she still continued to tantalize her lover, and wantonly display her power, to which he fondly submitted, being completely intoxicated with that passion which so irresistibly sways the heart ; which subdues the mighty, and makes fools of the wise.

At length Don Gabriel received a notice from the war-office that the regiment in which he held a commission had been ordered to march to Cadiz, there to embark immediately for South America, where it was to be stationed for five

years. By the same notice he was ordered to set out for Cadiz, and join his regiment within twenty-four hours, as otherwise, such was the expedition necessary to be employed, it would probably sail without him.

This order was like a thunderbolt to Don Gabriel. His beloved Serafina—his hopes and fears—his perplexing uncertainty, rushed, as may naturally be imagined, into his mind, and filled him with the most painful anxiety. He seemed now likely to be compelled to fulfil those resolutions which he had so often made, but had not been able to carry into effect. He must now consent to separate himself from Serafina for a long time, and against his will, try the effect of those (to him) violent remedies—absence and distance.

While these thoughts occupied his mind, and he was considering how to proceed, his friend Don Miguel waited on him. To him, as may readily be supposed, he showed the order he had just received :—'Well,' said Miguel, when he had looked at it, 'I know not but this may be as it should be—you will now be compelled to shake off the chains of my coquetting sister—your honour will now demand this sacrifice. You must with all speed make the necessary preparations for your departure ;—take a hasty adieu of Serafina, and I will accompany you to Cadiz. We must set off in a very few hours.'

I will go and prepare for my journey, while you wait on my sister, and apprize her of your intended departure.

Don Gabriel hastened to Serafina :—‘ At last,’ said he, ‘ we part, and for a long time; perhaps for ever! I have received an order to join my regiment, and proceed with it to South America; where it will remain at least five years. To part with you certainly pains my heart in the most acute manner, notwithstanding all that volatility and caprice which have occasioned me so many uneasy moments. Could I leave you with the full persuasion of possessing your affections, the distance would vanish; the time, however anxiously its termination might be wished for, would be easily supportable. As it is, I have but too much reason to fear that this separation will prove eternal. I can scarcely flatter myself that I have obtained your favourable opinion, much less that great object of my ambition, your affections—your heart. When I am gone, so slight is the hold I have of your regard and remembrance, that I must soon be forgotten. A crowd of admirers will succeed me, over whom you will exultingly display your power; till at length, with the gratification of your own caprice, you will condescend to make some lover, less truly affectionate, but far more fortunate than myself, superlatively happy.

The ardent manner, the tone of voice, the gesture with which Don Gabriel gave vent to his expressions, especially when combined with the expectation of his immediate departure for so long a period, were too much for the feelings of Serafina. She could no longer dissemble, no longer act a part so contrary to her real sentiments.—She was constrained to unveil her heart—she burst into tears.—‘ Oh! Don Alvarez!’ exclaimed she, ‘ my heart is yours, it has long been yours, even from the first moment I saw you; I now despise my own dissembling. I have been unworthy of you. But I cannot part from you without declaring what I really feel, and vowing to you eternal fidelity. Be assured that neither distance nor time can produce a change in my heart: yours I will be, and yours alone.

The ecstasy with which Don Gabriel heard this *tender* and sincere avowal cannot be described; it can only be imagined by those who have similar feelings, and enjoyed similar happiness.—‘ Now,’ exclaimed he, ‘ I can journey enraptured, to the extremity of the world if my country requires my service there. The immeasurable happiness I have this day enjoyed will recompense me for every hardship I may endure, for every danger I may encounter.’

At this moment Don Miguel entered, wrapped in his cloak, and ready to set out in company with

his friend. Don Gabriel started up, and eagerly grasping his hand, — 'Congratulate me,' said he 'my dearest friend; my felicity is boundless—But let us go where honour calls—I have received a sacred vow—Neither time nor distance can diminish my happiness.'

Don Miguel, from the frantic joy of his friend, and perceiving his sister in tears, presently guessed what had passed, and turning to Serafina—'What,' said he, 'your volatility and coquetry are subdued at last: they were not proof against the fear of a long separation. Well, you will now enjoy the pleasure of an unaffected sincerity, and as I have every reason to believe your repentance sincere, and that you will not relapse into your former folly, I will render the happiness of both of you still more complete if possible than it is.—You will not have to suffer the separation you feared. The order which has occasioned this happy explanation is a fiction of mine: you, Don Gabriel, are neither required to join the regiment, nor is the regiment to go to South America. I had no doubt, my sweet sister, of the true situation of your heart, and was well convinced that a real fear of losing your lover would soon make you drop all disguise. I knew at the same time that my good friend Gabriel was totally incapable of dissimulation, and could never deceive you unless he were first deceived himself. I therefore practised this innocent

imposition on you both, which has had all the success I could have expected from it. You now fully know the hearts of each other, and if you are wise you may be happy.'

Serafina after this, never more sported with the feelings of her lover, and an indissoluble union, not long afterwards, completed the felicity of them both.

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany

A True Story.

EUGENIO to EMMA,

ON HER RETURN FROM THE
EAST-INDIES.

Thus, while self-flattering Pride
her mind assures,
The artful Fair-one spreads her
varied lures;
Sometimes, with archness laugh-
ing in her eyes,
Hang on my arm, and ridicules my
sighs;
And oft with cloyer tenderness ap-
pears,
While Love's warm glances steal
thro' shining tears;
Now, with arch'd brow, and super-
cilious stare,
Affects the empress—dignity of
air;
And now, as reasoning with a
wayward Heart,
In trances, broken by the frequent
start,
With pausing steps she wanders

thro' the Grove,
A female Proteus in the wiles of
Love!

To muse, at leisure on my
lovely Maid,
And woo her image in the lonely
Glade,
Where no EMINA by the rigid
laws
Politeness dictates, my attention
draws,
Far in the wilds I wander thro'
the Day;
And to a lowly Cot at midnight
stray;
There taste the sweetness of that
deep repose,
Which from applauding conscience
gently flows,
When Health, and hope their dow-
ny pinious spread,
And scatter roses on the youthful
bed.

Ligh with the Dawn disperse
my tender dreams;
And now the Sun looks golden on
the streams?—
O Morn! the last for me that gai-
ly rose,
On Memory's tablet still thy beau-
ty glows.
Charm'd, as I wander'd thro' the
dewy Vale,
And drank the spirit of the Moun-
tain—gale,
How little did my unconscience
heart divine,
The joys thou gav'st should ne'er
again be mine!

On as I rov'd along the winding
Glades,

A youth in haste the sylvan Copse
pervades!

Says, his commission instantly re-
calls

My devious step to the paternal
walls.

Upon the rustic countenance ap-
pears

A fix'd solemnity, that wakes my
fears.—

'Oh! is all well?'—with breath-
less haste I cry,

Thy Friends are well,—his fal-
tering lips reply.

Then read, let sad intelligence
invade

The precious quiet of my native
Shade,

Sickens my heart;—and swiftly as
I go,

From my pale lip disorder'd ac-
cents flow;

Each moment, for LOUISA's Life,
arise

Prayers, that implore the mercies
of the Skies.

And now my quick, unequal
steps are led,

A Day of gladness where they
us'd to spread;

But ah! no silver tones EUGENIO
call!

No bounding foot-step meets me
in the hall!

Suspence, with all its heavy heart-
ach, teems,

And palpable the solemn stillness
seems!

So, when returning from the
well-faught plain,

As near thy Castle-walls thou
led'st thy Train,

O * Hardiknute ! such pangs as
 these oppress,
 In Hope's warm hour, thy brave
 and veteran breast.
 Along the midnight glooms, that
 thick impend,
 While howl the Storm, the bea-
 ting Rains descend
 Thou see'st no Guard upon thy
 turrents height,
 Whose streaming torches us' to
 gild the night ?
 Black, as a morning weed they si-
 lent stand,
 And daunt the stoutest heart in
 Scotia's Land,
 Appall'd, like him, I felt the
 stillness dire ;
 Eager to learn—not daring to in-
 quire,
 As one tranfix'd a few dread min-
 utes wait,
 While silent Horror shrouds im-
 pending Fate !
 My father enter'd—with a cheek
 how pale !
 And oh ! that look-- it told an aw-
 ful tale
 'Twas mournful supplicating !--
 Heavenly Powers !
 In that dim gaze how deep an an-
 guish lowers !
 Louisa ! lives she ?--dreading the
 reply
 My soul hung trembling in my
 straining eye.

* My son, the sweet Louisa lives,
 and knows,

* See the admired scotch fragment,
 Hardiknute in Percy's collection of
 ancient poetry.

I hope, the peace that innocence
 bestows ;
 Oh may it long be her's!--but
 now remains
 A task for me replete with sharp-
 est pains !
 EUGENIO !--Penury's dire blasts
 assail,
 And hope is frozen in the bitter
 gale !
 Yes--BELMOR has deceiv'd my
 boundless trust
 To Friendship trecherous, and to
 Faith unjust !
 Unhappy Hour, when Confidence
 intire
 Lur'd me to follow that mislead-
 ing fire
 Those gay commercial visions,
 false and vain,
 The glittering meteors of his art-
 ful brain !
 Too well he knew no genuine
 light they gave,
 And now they sink in Ruin's
 whelming wave.
 ' Oh ! great, and numberless the
 Ills, that spread
 Their mingled horrors round this
 aged head !
 The pang of seeing thy sweet Sis-
 ters, born
 To fairest hopes, from ease, and
 affluence torn !
 Expos'd to all those guileful snares
 that wait
 The beautiful Indigent's disas-
 trous fate !
 Ills, whose bare dread a Father's
 bosom tears,
 And blends with agony his anxious
 cares.

Thy dearest Mother?"—Here he
turn'd his head

And pausing wept ;—at length re-
suming, said,

‘ These hovering woes, that o’er
our house impend,

Thou, my dear Son e’er their dread
weight descend,

Thou canst avert ?—but oh’ at
what a price !

Persuasion shall not urge—nor
prayers intice.

‘ Two hours e’er the return, EMIRA
found

Thy sisters eyes in streaming tor-
rets drown’d ;

Learn’d from their trembling lips
the cruel cause,

Which the dark cloud of conster-
nation draws

Wide o’er my Roof—that yester-
day survey’d,

Domestic comfort’s fair, & favor-
ite shade.

‘ We know that Fortune of EMIRA
pours

Her golden treasures in unstinted
showers--

EUGENIO’—she stands ready to re-
place

Thy Father’s comforts on a las-
ting base !

Rescue his failing fame’--the num-
bers save,

Whose hopes in his destruction
find a grave ;

(To be Continued.)

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XXXII.

SATURDAY August 3d 1811.

*Quis furor, ó civis ! quæ tanta
Licentia ferri !* Lucan

Glad of any pretence to disguise
my chagrine, I willingly listened
to the voice of consolation, although
I did not much admire, the one-
who bestowed it.—‘ Sir’ (said he)
‘ I perceive, that you have been
most egregiously duped by a set of
scoundrels, who, (in company
where they are not known) im-
pudently style themselves *Gen-
tlemen*.—Look over the indignities
that have been passed upon you.
Get yourself dressed in a fashiona-
ble habit ; put yourself under my
direction, and I will vouch to make
a man of you.’—Faith ! said I
to myself—I cannot be a looser
by the change, *Ergo*, I will e’en
fall in with the old gentlemen’s
plan—I forewith employed a Tay-
lor, Shoemaker, and Hatter etc,
etc, and in the eyes of my new
friend, made a most *dashing* ap-
pearance. My bill paid off, and a
few curses bestowed upon the
H*****. Wherein my innocence
was first debauched, I prepared
to embark my fortune, under the
patronage of this *novel* instructor.
The venerable personage above
represented, turned out in the
‘ long run’ to be a notorious *Gam-
bler* ; he condescendingly filched
me, of about four hundred dollars,

and then whispered in my ear 'young man, I too have deceived you; beware in future of a specious outside, get ye gone. I found you feathered I have pluck'd you. Go boy, go, replenish your funds, or in the words of Shakespear,—*"put money in thy purse"* Get thee gone—silly fool! thou hast answered my purposes and I despise thee Merciful Heaven thought I, the old adage is correct 'bought experience is the best if it is not obtained, at too great an expence' Villain retorted I, thou'art welcome to thy ill gotten spoils, and when the measure of thy crimes is full, may Hell reward thee according to thy deserts.—Gracious power, who o'er-rules the destiny of man, why are such things tolerated?—But enough, the ways of a beneficent providence are inscrutable, man should never repine at the misfortunes of life, particularly when those misfortune are the result of his own heedlessness and folly.

Shall I quit this accursed city wherein I have met with nothing but misfortune and disgrace, or shall I apply for an additional sum of money and tarry the time I at first anticipated. If I stay I cannot be much the worse; a new set of Rascals can but swindle me out of a few hundred dollars more. I am determined—and will abide the consequence. After reasoning thus—I wrote to my friends in the country for fresh supplies upon the reception of which I came to a

resolution to frequent houses in which I understood debates of a political nature were discussed, conceiving that as I was an American and loved my country as well if not better than my life, no mishap with respect to my person and property could possibly occur. I sallied out one evening, about dusk, to a noted public house, in order to put my plan in execution. I took my seat in a retired part of the room, the better to judge the aspect of affairs. One gentleman who upon my entrance had just began to harrangue, was not long without opponents. The subject of his anamadvensions was the situation in which our country stood with regard to the two great Belligerent powers of *Europe* their conduct towards us at a neutral nation he made no hesitation of condemning, without any partiality to either. This by some of the party was taken in *dudge* one laying the greatest censure upon the *French* empire and the other on the *Court of St. James*; some insisting, among other things that the affair between the Little Belt and the President, on the part of the American Commander was disgraceful, and wanted a parallel in the history of human events. Others again could not find language sufficiently approbrious to decry the impudence and arrogance of the tyrants of the seas and wished to their God, that in the place of having a few men slain and wounded, the Belt had been entirely annihilated, and

precipitated to the bottom of that Element on which the spoilers of the *British Isle* had committed, such hitherto unheard of devastation. A pause here ensuing, I made bold to state, that I was of opinion that any ship sailing under the flag of the United States, would do right in giving exemplary punishment to those who should dare to have the hardihood to offer it an indignity—ah! ha! do you hear that said a sallow baboon look faced fellow. That is your opinion, then is it Mr. wise-acre, said another, pray, 'where the D— did you come from, bustle the French tory said a third, I should not be astonished if Bonapart, and his d—d gang were to cut all our throats in the course of half an hour. I was instantly collared by one, and knocked down by his companion yet after a fine buffets. I fortunately made my escape, with no other injury than a black eye which confined me to my bed chamber for a week? and made me heartily sick of *politics*. A short time after this (for me unhappy rencounter) I paid a visit to the opposite shore, on the long Island side, where I found another consultation on the affairs of the nation conducted pretty much after the manner of the one just described. I was called on almost immediately upon my arrival for an expression of my sentiments, when recollecting the manner I had been served I put on a very grave look, and observ-

ed why really gentleman, every man I should presume in a free country had a right to express his opinions. I know we none of us, can exactly agree, but for my share that I would humbly say, or rather beg leave to suggest—that (pray understand me right,) that Commodore Rodgers—(well well say on, vociferated about a dozen voices) why that Commodore Rodgers *fired the first shot* the *unlucky shot* had no sooner passed the portal of speech, than a brawny fellow *fired* a Chequer-board at my unfortunate scull, which happening to light upon one side of my jaw, made the floor rebound with my fall; then began the storm of blows, kicks and curses. I was called a Novascotia inteloper, a wretch who deserved no mercy, a Binghamite, an English pensioner with other epithets of the like nature—and after being fairly beaten I was thrust out of doors where I lay for a considerable time before I had strength to proceed homewards. I reached my residence about daylight in the morning with no other accession, than when I left it except a pair of black eyes, and a contusion upon the bridge of my nose. I am now nearly recovered, and have engaged my passage for the country where I hope shortly to arrive. Never more to return.

Mr. Speculator,

I much fear my narrative has proved tedious, but I had in writing it a twofold motive. The first as a satisfaction, to vent my misfor-

tunes publicly, and secondly as a warning to all my fellow *Countrymen*, that they may hereafter beware when they approach your *infernal* city to avoid, wine, women, play houses, gambling, and *particularly* (let them love their country as they may—) *Politice*.

Yours.

ORSON.

(see numbers 9 and 10)

* I have received the productions of F. He is a favourite of mine but wants much improvement. His Heart doubtless, is good, his sentiments correct and bold; still his periods are too much laboured and often so obscure, that the two productions of his I now have, will require much correction, to make them press-worthy: notwithstanding all difficulties, the first one shall appear, with an attention as near the original as possible. Without a wish to injure the feelings of F. I would advise him to hold more frequent consultations with his Lexicon, than he has hitherto done.

Selah, instead of feeling an incitement to *improve*, after the publicity of his preceding Essay, has presented himself before me, in a dress so *unbecoming* and *slowly*, that had it not been for his *mark* manual, I should have found a difficulty in recognizing him. A *slight* degree of tautology, is always disgusting to the ear, but when we find a vein of it running

throughout a composition, it becomes abominably insupportable.

The Anecdote of 'a Subscriber' will not answer, if he can find any wit in it, he is welcome to enjoy the laugh to himself, for my share I confess the *whole* is a little above my comprehension.

N.

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The Parsons Legacy.

He returned then to the patient; and began with the insinuating language of devotion to discourse on death and repentance; he exhorted the sick man to think of the salvation of his soul, & to redeem his past offences by charitable donation, 'that has already been my care answered the dying man "of all my worldly possession, there is none that I have not given or bequeathed for the love of God; & every thing about me, to the very bed you see me lying on, has its assignment. "What Sir, have you given away all!" cried the monk in astonishment. Know you not, that to please God, it is not enough to do acts of charity but that we should, according to the expression of the scriptures, examine how we do them! "I could not easily err in that particular," replied the parson "This village has fed me to the present hour: and to it I have bequeathed my stock grain, which may be

worth 10 livres. I have in it some needy relations, to whom I make the bequest of my flocks and cattle. I have not forgotten the orphans nor the sick; I have left besides, the Beguines a legacy & the Cordolier's an 100 pence. These disposals indeed are extremely meritorious' said the Jacobine but if you have overlooked our brotherhood! a convent full of so many religious and holy persons, who fast incessantly, wear no linen, and every day offer up their prayers for you! ah, Brother, God will not have mercy on you.--The priest, somewhat astonished at this language answered that he was very unfortunate in having been so precipitate; but that it was now to his great regret, too late to repair the deficiency; that he had now nothing left to give; not a farthing, not a single grain. The two monks would not so easily give up their point; but returned to the attack. They proposed to have the will cancelled, and to have the disposal of some of the legacies altered that they might come in for a share. This shameful and unchristian like avidity raised the indignation of the parson. He resolved on punishing the two canting hypocrites, and before his death to divert, at their expence the townsmen of Antwerp. 'My good bretheren' said he after appearing to have been a few minutes absorbed in reflection. 'I confess I have still remaining a precious jewel, of which I did not take notice;

but it is an article that I cannot possibly part with before I die; and desperate as my condition appears, I could not think of giving it up for 100 marks in gold if they were offered for it. I will, however, leave it to you after I am gone, and I thank God for having sent you here, while, I am yet alive, to urge me to the accomplishment of so good a work. let your prior come to morrow and I will make him a formal assignment of it.

F. W.

(To be Continued.)

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

*Laughable Anecdote of Cleodamus,
a famous Grecian Musician*

Who studied and practised to such an excess, that it at length attacked his brain, and made him raving mad.--In this situation, his friend sent for a famous physician, who on paying him his first visit, was immediately attacked sword in hand, threatening him with instant destruction, if he did not immediately perform on the flute, which he then held in his other hand. The physician, not being able to comply with his request, Cleodamus immediately flew upon him, and would most certainly have put him to instant death, had

he not thought of the following expedient;

Cleodamus, said he, you are a skilful musician, but not equally skilled in that art with myself, and therefore I propose, that we shall play together; and if you confess that I am your master, you will be content that I give you an hundred stripes if on the contrary, I will subject myself to whatever punishment you may think proper to inflict upon me.

Cleodamus replied, I am content, although your fate inevitably awaits your temerity, then laying down the sword, began to practice on the flute. On the physicians perceiving this happy release, he immediately took up, and flung the sword out of the window; then made so horrible an out-cry, as induced the neighbours to run to his assistance, and on breaking open the door, relieved the half expiring doctor from the fury of the outrageous madman; but not before he had received a Q. S. of hard blows in lieu of fees.

Modern Refinement.

A Lady, not many days ago, took her daughter to a boarding school in the country, for the purpose of tuition; when after the first salutations were over, the matron fixed her eyes upon some worked picture subjects in the parlour; and pointing to one more

attractive than the rest, asked 'What is that?' 'That,' replied the tutoress, 'is Charlotte at the tomb of Werter.' 'Well I vow,' rejoined the lady, 'it is vastly beautiful.' 'Betsey, my dear you shall work *Charlotte in a tub of water!*'

A Sea Captain and a She Captain.

"I do not see," said an old maid in a strange coach) why women might not command at sea the duties of a captain or an admiral does not require much personal exertion—at the sea fight of Salamis the only captain of the Persian fleet that behaved with proper spirit, was a woman. Artemisia being closely pursued by one of the enemy's ships, brought her prow to bear on his side and sunk him at once." A pretty manœuvre indeed (cried a sea officer)—if I had commanded, I would have shewn Persian *she captain* the odds of it. Run her head against my broadside indeed!—But how should women know any thing of sea matters."

Henry the Fourth, king of France always made his children call him papa, or father, and not the ceremonious titles of 'sire' or 'your majesty.' He used frequently to join in their amusements and one day, as he was going on all fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his

apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, 'Monsieur l'ambassadeur, have you any children?' 'Yes, sire,' replied he. 'Very well then,' said the king, 'I shall finish my race round my chamber.'

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, September 14, 1811.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the time"*

*The City Inspector reports the death of
78 persons in this city and suburbs dur-
ing the last week, ending on the 7th inst.*

WARREN, R. I. Sept. 7.

On Saturday morning last, about three o'clock the inhabitants of this town were seriously alarmed by a fire, which broke out in the bake house occupied by Messrs. John and Joseph Brown, in the central of the town, which continued to rage with considerable fury, and to threaten the immediate destruction of a large number of buildings contiguous thereto. But through the vigilant exertions of its citizens, the conflagration was fortunately got under, with the loss of the bake house containing a large quantity of bread and flour a hatters shop belonging to Mr. Wm. M. Hubbard, and occupied by Messrs. Bosworth and Grant, a barn and considerable damage done to the dwelling house of the late Joseph Witmarsh, esq.

Charleston Sept. 2.

BANK ROBBERY.

It is with much satisfaction that we are enabled to state the recovery of the money taken from the vaults of the late

Office of Discount and Deposit in this city, on the night of the 24th ult.

It appears that strong suspicions had been entertained by the agents of the bank for some days, that Mr. Benjamin Gray, of this city, a man of great mechanical talents had been concerned in the robbery. A warrant was accordingly procured on Saturday morning and he was arrested and underwent a long examination at the bank before J. H. Mitchell esq. Justice of the Quorum, in the presence of the directors of the institution and several other gentleman.

We understand that although there was much circumstantial evidence tending to criminate Mr. Gray, produced on this examination yet nothing appeared sufficiently strong to have convicted him of the act; he was, however committed to prison in the afternoon preparatory to a further examination.

In the course of the evening, a negro fellow belonging to Mr. Gray, and who was suspected to have aided his master in removing the specie was arrested by Wm. Blacklock, esq. at whose house his wife resided and on being informed that his master had been committed to goal for robbing the bank and that he was known to have aided him in the robbery he was so intimidated that he confessed the fact, and offered condition of pardon, &c. to point out where the money had been concealed—A detachment of the city Guard was immediately procured and sent off to secure the money which they found deposited in the original boxes in the inclosure of Mr. Gray's residence near the Race Course concealed under a quantity of manure straw etc. The money with the exception of a few hundred dollars which had been made way with, was bro't down early yesterday and deposited in the vaults, from whence it had been exactly one week before—We understand that the false keys with which the bank is supposed to have been entered besides a

lantern &c. were found in a leather bag secreted with the money.

A transaction rivalling in ingenuity of design and in secrecy of execution, the power of enchantment itself has been brought to light and all those hateful suspicions which would otherwise inevitably have fastened themselves upon the mind, have been thus happily dissipated.

Courier.

Distressing Accident. On Sunday afternoon, as a small sail boat, with nine persons on board was crossing the East River she ran upon the cable of a sloop at anchor in the stream and instantly upset and went to the bottom. The crew of the sloop hastened to the relief of the people and by the aid of their boats assisted in saving two men three women, and three children. One of the men, by the name of Alexander Scott, mason of Henry-street, aged about 45 was drowned. The survivors were brought ashore near Whitehall, and by the prompt attentions of Dr. Thorn, and humanity of the citizens in the neighbourhood, were considerably recovered, and sent home to their desolated dwelling—

Married.

At Montreal, by the rev. Dr. Mountain, Mr. G. Greatwood to Miss ——— Oaks. Altogether must produce something more than saplings.

At Willoghby, (Eng.) Mr. J. Henton, to Miss Mary Malid, whose united ages amount to twenty-nine.

On Friday evening last, by the rev. Dr. R. Moore, Mr. Alexander Stewart, to Miss Maria Douglas, daughter of Mr. James Douglas.

On Thursday evening last, (at the Narrows L. I.) by the right rev. Bishop Hobart Mr. Augustus Bayley, to Miss Jane Smith, daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Smith merchant of this city.

On Thursday, evening last by the rev. Dr. Miller, Philip Schuyler, esq. to Miss Grace Hunter.

On Friday morning, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Robert Hunter, esq. to Miss Letitia Underhill.

At Friends Meeting House, on the 12th inst. Dr. John Lindly Pitts Randolph, of Annapolis, Royal Nova Scotia, to Miss Eliza Willis, youngest daughter of William Willis, of this city.

On Saturday evening last by the rev. Bishop Hobart, Richard D. Hamilton, esq. to Miss Rebecca Caroline Blaggs, youngest daughter of John Blaggs, esq. all of this City.

Died.

On the 12th inst. the widow Hannah Quereau, aged 75 years.

At St. Mary's, (Georgia) on the 20th ult. after an illness of 16 days, Doctor Daniel M'Cormick, of the U. S. Navy, (a native of this city) in the 31st year of his age. His death is to be regretted as it has deprived the service of a valuable officer and Society of one of its brightest ornaments.

At Greenwich, on Sunday morning last, Mrs Elizabeth Milligan.

On Monday morning last, of a lingering illness, Mr. John Winnik, merchant.—

At Elvas, the 8th July, Lt. Col. Daniel White, of the 29th regiment, a native of this city, of the wound he received in the battle at Albuhera. the 16th May preceding.

At Baltimore, Capt. James Latimer, aged 62 years.

On board the schooner Citizen, on her passage from this city to Alexandria Mr. John Hodgkin, of Alexandria.

On Tuesday night last, William Poyntell, esq. for many years a respectable inhabitant of Philadelphia.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.



QUERY.

The other night as home I went,
On gaining which I was intent ;
Sweet friendship met me on the way,
And bade me for a moment stay.

Full often' thus, we are beguiled,
And urged by soft persuasion mild :
A good Segar to smoke, or take
And eat a bit of pye, or cake.

Thus in I march'd, and sat me down ;
(And why for this should any frown ?)
Not long was there ; before twas said
That if I'd answer, I'd be paid,

I soon agreed : and ask'd the boon
(which if successfull,) I shoud win ;
They said, twas credit and respect ;
On which I wish'd the question put.

"what is the oldest thing on earth?"
A query, which deserv'd research,
Because a moral good it shows,
From which we gain, and cannot lose.

I soon reply'd ; the credit gain'd ;
And after which, not long remain'd
Now can your readers tell me true,
And bring this oldist thing to view.

It is composed, of letters four ;
And will to end of world endure.
Part in Ink, and part in thigh ;
The rest in Music, and in eye.

M.

A Solution is requested by some of
our ingenious Subscribers, Corispon-
dents or Patrons in General next week.

FROM THE DUENNA.

Tune—Gramachree.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you ;
For tho' your tongue no promise claim,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part :
Then, lady dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

THE GREEN LITTLE

SHAMROGK* OF IRELAND.

There's a dear little plant that grows in
our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that
set it.
And the sun on his labour with pleasure
did smile,
And with dew from his eyes often
wet it,
It thrives thro' the bog, thro' the brake,
thro' the mireland,

* A kind of three leaved plant peculiar
to Ireland. consecrated to St. Patrick.

And he calls it the dear little shamrock
of Ireland,
The sweet little Shamrock, the dear little
Shamrock,
The sweet little green little Shamrock of
Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our
land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of
Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes
can command
In each climate that each shall appear
in.
And shine thro' the bog thro' the
brake, thro' the mireland,
Just like there own dear little Sham-
rock of Ireland,
The sweet little Shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that springs from
our soil,
When its three little leaves are ex-
tended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should
toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended
And still thro' the bog thro' the
brake thro' the mireland,
From one root should branch like
the Shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little Shamrock, &c.

The dear little plant that shoots from
our earth,
Let the hard hand of industry nourish,
And love in each heart find its own warm
birth.
While peace, joy, and plenty, shall
flourish,
And bloom thro' the bog, thro' the
brake thro' the mireland,
Just like our own, your dear little
Shamrock of Ireland,
Your own little Shamrock, your
dear little Shamrock.
Oh blessings attend on the sweet
little green little shamrock of Ireland.

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The 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12th, Volumes
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The subscriber, respectfully solicits
the patronage of the Lady's in this city,
as carpet weaver.—he is an aged man,
and wishes to employ his time in this
way, as weaving has been his general
profession, he will be thankful for, and
will strictly attend to all orders left for
him at No 12 Henry street,
August 17th 1811. John Jones.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed
to No. 145 Broadway, where he con-
tinues to procure money on Mortgages,
notes of hand & deposits; buys & sells
houses, improved farms, & tracts of land
Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-
sonable commission.—Also the lease of
2 houses, & annuity. Also for sale 30
farms, several with good improvements,
will be sold low, goods & property of e-
very sort taken in payment, or any who
forms a company tickets & draw for the
different farms will be liberally paid for it
Also a skilfull farming man with a good
character, will meet with encouragement
by applying as above.

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